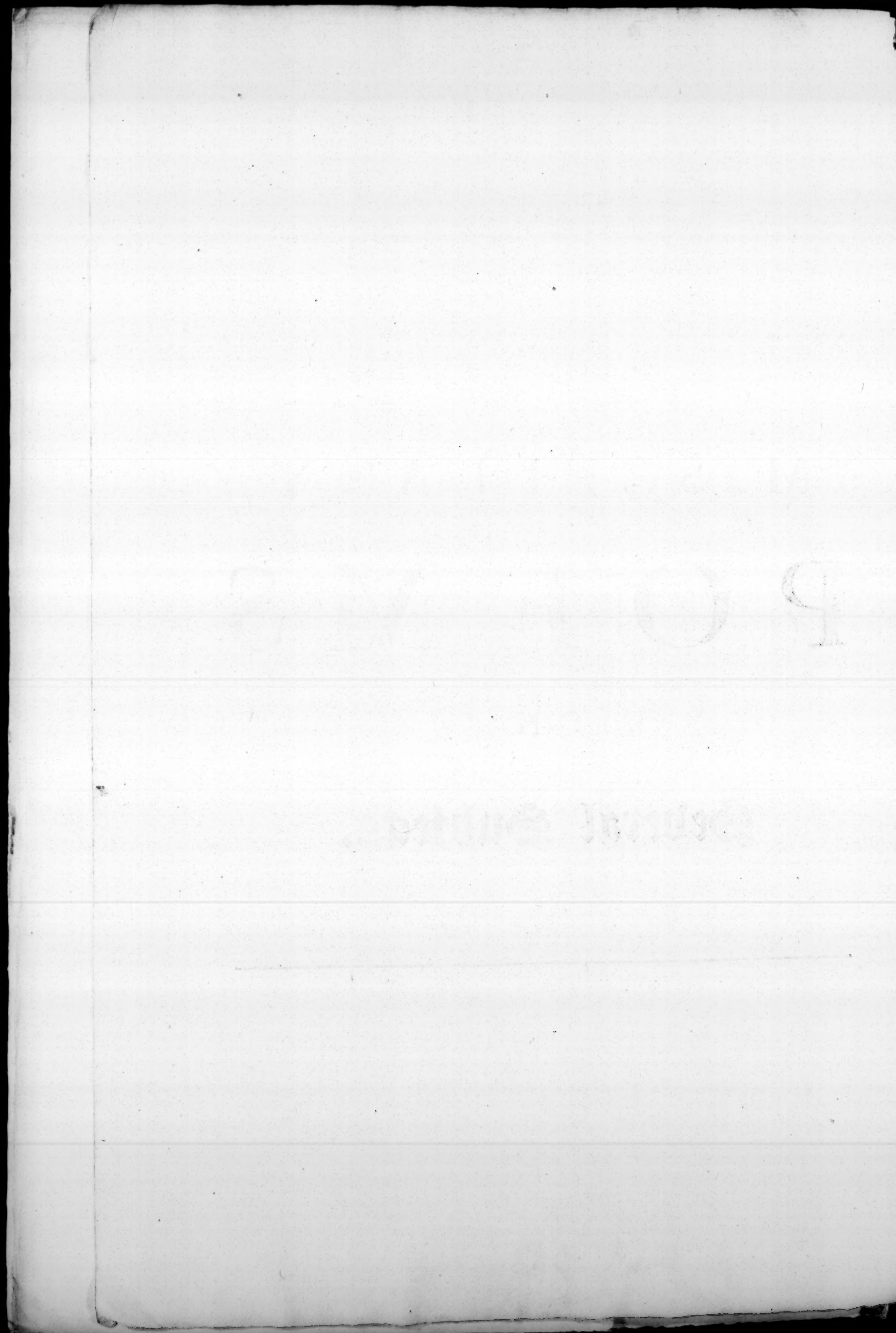

MISCELLANY
POEMS
ON

Several Subjects.

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MISCELLANY POEMS ON

Several Subjects.

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| I. <i>A Dissuasion from Love and Matrimony.</i> | XII. <i>The Character of a Wise Man.</i> |
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| XI. <i>The Joys of Heaven.</i> | |

By T. B. Gent.

L O N D O N :

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WILLIAM
H. HARRIS



BY T.B. GALT

LOWE
GALT and Goldfarb, New York
GALT and Goldfarb, New York

Miscellany P O E M S.

A Diffwafion from Love and Ma- trimony.

Dear *Ned*, I cannot but thy Fate deplore,
 In Love! In *Bedlam* would have pleas'd me
 Can it be poffible a Man of Wit, (more.
 Should fuch a Serious Oversight commit?
 Can'ft thou fo well with Misery difpence?
 That 'gainft thy Self thou do'ft a War commence:
 Debafing Reason to the Sense of Brutes,
 And tiring Nature in thy vain purfuits.
 Bating the found, what is't in Love can please?
 Or, who but Madmen cherish a Difafe?
 Freedom infring'd, makes even Brutes difpair;
 No Beasts but Lovers hug the Chains they wear.
 Love is a Bauble only for a Fool,
 Or Truant Boy, new ftol from Rod and School:
 A rotten Seed in Youth's firft Summer's fown,
 Which he that can Write Man, muft Blush to own.
 By Hell, Love's fond Idolatry outgoes
 The Ancient Heathens, fince they often chofe
 So rich Materials a God to Frame,
 As e'en the Stuff might Veneration claim.
 While Lovers led by Fanfie, (Folly's guide)
 Their Adorations pay to Female Pride;
 Who while from Reason's paths they thus defcend,
 'Stead of a Deity, obey a Fiend.
 A Painted Toy, unworthy of a Glance,
 Throws the unmanly Puppets in a Trance:
 Charms is the Cry, Charms fresh as Infant Day,
 Suns, Moons and Stars, which none can fee but they.
 I Blush to think what Folly prides to fpeak;
 Away, be Wife, thefe airy Fetters break.
 Caft off the Spectacles of Love, and fee
 How it does with thy Character agree:
 How well it fuits thy Manly Form to lye,
 With Hands and Eyes erected to the Sky,
 Imploring Aid from Female Tyranny.
 Think if another heard thee Sigh and Moan,
 Weep like a Babe, and like Damn'd Spirits Groan:
 Or, faw thy couchant Postures, heard thee crave
 Leave to Admire, or Passport to the Grave;

B

With

With what a fault'ring Tongue thy Grievs were shown,
 In what quaint Phrases thou thy Love mad'st known,
 Cou'd he suppose thee less than Frantick grown?
 But if shame Stings, not Proud of thy defeat,
 Let others Harms perswade thee to retreat.
 Let but thy Eyes o'er Time's long Records move;
 Read fatal Truths, (then if disparing) Love.
 Survey the Catalogue of mighty Dead,
 See how the Strongest, Wisest Men mislead
 By Love, whose Breath makes greenest Lawrel Fade,
 Have been to Death and Infamy betray'd.
 Had not the Man, by Heav'n plac'd above,
 All Mortal force been render'd weak by Love:
 Had he not been by Female Guilt betray'd,
 He ne'er had Sport for curs'd *Philistians* made:
 Ne'er sigh'd for Day, nor Pillars overthrown,
 Nor in his Foes Destruction met his own.
 Had not fond Love mislead successful Hate,
Carthage had rul'd, *Rome* met her Rival's Fate:
 For while her one-ey'd Heroe scorn'd to bow
 To Love, no Loss made Furrows on his Brow.
 But when he own'd Love's pow'r at *Capua*,
 Success and Freedom left him in a Day.
 This Bane of Glory, Love's delusive Charms,
 Made e'en a Roman dread the clank of Arms.
 The Man who brav'd *Philippia's* bloody Field,
 At *Ancium* poorly cast away his Shield.
 For seeing Beauties Purple Sails were spread,
 For flight the chang'd *Antonius* likewise fled,
 Quitting his Friends, e're Fortune ran away,
 And gave not lost the well-disputed Day.
 Many Examples more I cou'd relate,
 As well of Modern as of Ancient date:
 But these most Famous may sufficient prove,
 To show the dangerous Effects of Love.
 How many Dangers for the Toy are run?
 How many Heroes Beauty has undone?
 And, What is this same Beauty you adore?
 A pleasing Dream, a *Proteus*, and no more:
 An airy Nothing, not to be defin'd,
 Nor to one Form or Colour be confin'd.
 One in the Spark'ling Lustre of an Eye,
 Supposes Beauties chiefest force to lye:
 Others Imagine nothing can Compare
 To Stature, Shape, or a Majestick Air,
 Some like the Fair, some Brown, some Brisk, some Grave;
 Thus Beauty still is made Opinion's Slave;
 By jarring Judgments thus confus'dly tost,
 Beauties Materials in the Crowd are lost,
 And can no Being but Chimereal boast.
 And shall a Man design'd for Ends more brave,
 Be to his own Ideas made a Slave?

Or

Or granting Beauty worthy of our View,
 Our Thoughts Desires, nay, Adoration too,
 Yet ought we still, if led by Reason's Ray,
 Its Owners Worth and Virtues to Survey.
 The which if done with an impartial Eye,
 Shame wou'd restore us to Tranquility.
 First from Affection clear each wandring Thought,
 Then on the Stage let Female Worth be brought,
 Freed from Engagement seriously enquire,
 In what they seem most worthy of Desire;
 If Beauty pleads the Argument is weak,
 Since Manly Reason teaches us to seek
 More lasting Glories than the Eye can trace,
 In Shape, in Mein, or the Divineſt Face;
 Since that which owns no ſure nor ſettl'd Date,
 Subject to all the various Stroaks of Fate;
 To Time, to Sickneſs, nay, to Wind and Air,
 Is ſure below our Wiſhes, Hopes or Care.
 This being true, what elſe can Paſſion move,
 And to our Reason juſtifie our Love?
 Since void of Learning, Strangers to all Arts,
 But to Betray and Trap unwary Hearts;
 Unfit for the illuſtrious Name of Friend,
 What can theſe Trifles to our Thoughts commend?
 Reſerv'd their Words, their Wiſhes moſt obſcene;
 In Converſation troubleſome or mean;
 Their beſt Diſcourſe, if any good can prove,
 Is of new Plays, or more fantaſtick Love;
 Who Drefſes niceſt, who compleateſt Dance,
 And of new Changelings late arriv'd from *France*;
 And what new Faſhions were with them come O'er;
 Who has Divorc'd a Wife, who keeps a Whore;
 Who Sings with Art, who Patch'd, who Painted well;
 Whoſe Coach or Livery did moſt excel:
 Theſe are the Nobleſt Subjects of Diſcourſe
 You're ſure to meet, for many yet are worſe.
 If ſuch vain Bombaſt can Delight Commence,
 'Tis but to ſuch as firſt have loſt their Sence;
 Who led by Fancy and their own Deceit,
 And Paradoxly ſtile their Suff'rings ſweet;
 Such their Obedience, tho' oppreſs'd with pain,
 Poor Souls, they dare not but by halves complain.
 If counſell'd Freedom, 'tis in vain they cry;
 Love binds too faſt for Reason to unty.
 Such Charms they fancy round their Charmers move,
 Tho' ſtill deſpis'd, they're ſtill reſolv'd to love;
 Wilfully Blind, from ſmalleſt Thought exempt;
 Freedom they neither hope for, nor attempt;
 The fancied firmneſs of the Chain they wear,
 Choaks each brave Thought, or thinking Forms deſpair.
 Deluded Creatures, by your ſelves Betray'd,
 By falſe Opinion truly wretched made;

For since Want, Riches, Happiness and Care,
 Rests in the Thoughts so as you think you are,
 Say to your self you will have Liberty ;
 Grasp it in Thought, and you are truly free ;
 But if mislead you think, Endeavours vain,
 You may for ever drag your fancied Chain,
 For ever Sigh, and, unredress'd, Complain. }
 Thus have you seen to be such Bubbles made,
 We must ourselves be by ourselves betray'd.
 Therefore least you, as many more have done,
 For want of Caution should to Ruin run,
 I'll let you know the goodly Qualities,
 Of this same Love, which you so highly prize,
 First, 'tis the motive to unworthy Rage ;
 Baffler of Youth, and Cuckolder of Age ;
 Beauties Betrayers, Lavisher of Wealth ;
 Virtues Dishonour, Enemy to Health.
 Thus far its own Perfections I've run thro',
 Next what it works in others meets my view :
 Its owners still are Slaves to anxious pain ;
 Ease is a Stranger to a love-sick brain ;
 Meat has no Relish, balmy Sleep forsakes
 Their shriv'led Opticks, Sorrows Earthquake shakes
 Their Tortur'd Breasts, which ne'er from Tumults free,
 Take Fever's Fire, (Love's fatal Livery.)
 Here's Love, but where is Love's Felicity ?
 Some other tell, since 'tis unknown to me :
 Yet having Love's Effigies in our view,
 Let's see what its Fam'd influence can do.
 O now I have't ! 'twill nourish Perjury,
 Make Wenches Dance, and younger Brothers Lie ;
 Learn Fools to Flatter, Tradesmen to be Poor ;
 And Boarded Miss in time to play the W---re :
 Makes Clergy Men new Doctrines to pursue ;
 Nay, some Affirm 'twill make a Poet too :
 But that I'll not believe ; it rather makes
 Men Mad, whose Reason, e'er its leave it takes ;
 As the last Act, 'tis likely to commence,
 Scatters some threads of undigested Sence ;
 Which tho' the spurious Off-spring of Disease,
 (Because Extravagant) some Pallates please.
 Love makes the Courtier dress, the Lawyer write,
 What *Littleton* ne'er taught him to endite ;
 The Souldier lazy, and neglect his Fame,
 A Man (for all) unworthy of his Name.
 Then *Ned* consider, leave these Fooleries ;
 Converse no more with Ecchoes, Brooks and Trees.
 'Steal of this Fancie, this Tormenting Toy,
 The cheerful Bowl, and honest Friends enjoy :
 Be what thou wast, Societies rich Crown,
 And in rough Claret Love's blind Bastard drown.

Since

Since none but Painters can by Beauty live,
 Thy Thoughts of Beauty to the Painters give:
 But shield me, Heav'n! What is this I hear?
 What horrid Sounds invade my trembling Ear?
 'Tis said thy Folly will delated be,
 From Love, to more destructive Matrimony.
 Death, *Ned*, what mean'st! Is gnawing Care a Guest
 To be desir'd, invited to your Breast?
 Didst want an allay to the Joys of Life?
 If so, be sure thou'lt find it in a Wife.
 A Wife! Life's Clog, Bane of ascending Glory,
 Poison of Peace, Earth's truest Purgatory.
 A Wife! What is it, but weak Nature's Shame,
 Loss and Confusion in another Name?
 If they are Fair, as being coveted
 By each wild Gazer, Jealousie is bred:
 A fear to lose Love's long ungusted Feast,
 But greater yet, to be Enroll'd a Beast,
 Makes the fond Husband silently complain,
 And with soft Murmurs shake his galling Chains.
 But if not Fair, Dislike is the next stage
 Desire arrives at; if oppress'd with Age,
 Ages defects, ill Nature, and Disease,
 With Doctors Bills, are all that's left to please:
 But if with Age or Youth their venter Gold
 Comes in, then Pride will the ascendant hold.
 Her Rigging with the richest Dames must vy,
 Which if refus'd, my Portion is the cry:
 But if you Obstinate remain, Poor Soul,
 She's struck with Death, her trembling Eye-balls roul:
 The Doctor's call'd; when loth to meet a Bill,
 With Items swell'd, Miss Wife obtains her Will.
 If Poor, tumultuous Wants themselves display,
 Dethrone Content, and Frighten Love away;
 If wise, presuming on her Wondrous Sence,
 She'll Rule, at least a Civil War Commence.
 If Foolish, tho' She no Dominion get;
 Whom She can't govern, she'll most surely fret.
 These are the certain Mischiefs that attend
 A wedded Life, and all to Discord bend:
 Therefore dear *Ned*, if thou didst ever prise,
 My Love, or think me worthy to advise,
 Refrain this folly: If thy Nature sway
 To *Venus*, rather craving Sence obey,
 And with a Mind unfix'd Delights pursue;
 'Tis changing often keeps 'em ever new;
 Shifting preserves the most exalted Toy,
 If oft repeated will assur'dly Cloy.
 Then *Ned*, let Pleasures Painted Scenes oft vary;
 Indulge each Sence; do any thing but Marry;

Which that you may avoid is still the Pray'r,
Hope and Desire of

Your Friend,

Tom B-----r.

*The Answer being a Defence of Love
and Matrimony.*

UNthinking Tom, the Pity which you send
To me, the same to you I recommend ;
Hadst thou been wise thy Theme had been above
The common Doggril, wronging Sacred Love ;
But tell me Tom, was't want of Subject made
Thy toothless Rage a Deity invade ?
If so, from henceforth rule thy artless Spight,
And learn to think (my Friend) as well as write.
And now with what you first begin Dispute,
That Love's unmanly I'll at large confute:
True Love or Passion by that Name exprest,
I challenge Time to shew it e'er did rest
In a degen'rate or unmanly Breast :
No, 'tis so far from any Thought that's low,
It either finds Souls brave, or makes 'em so ;
Where Love commands, Fear as a Vassal bows :
Love like Ambition no descent allows.
Had knowing *Homer* thought Love's Sacred Flame
An Enemy to Virtue, or to Fame ;
Had he but view'd it with the least Disdain,
His fiery Heroe had not wore Love's Chain :
But well he knew to form a Heroe well,
He must in Love as well as Arms excel ;
Had *Alexander*, *Cyrus*, *Constantine*,
Thought Love a Crime, they ne'er had Lovers been ;
Yet these were Men of Sence and Courage too ;
Yet blush'd not Love with Glory to pursue ;
The Throne of *Venus* fills an Orb above,
To which a Coward Passion cannot move ;
None but the Bold and Brave compleatly Love,
Each Saylor may as well outvy Great *Drake*,
As e'ery Man a real Lover make.
Next your Examples fit to curb the Wife,
(If right apply'd) but there your Error lyes :
The Passion which you with such Heat pursue,
As being Brutal, I abhor like you.

Had

Had *Samson's* Passion any limits known,
 It had not all his Triumphs overthrown ;
 For while his Conquests, by undoubted Fame
 Are sung, his Lust stamps Blisters on his Name.
 And had *Antonius* to a virtuous Wife
 Been just, preserv'd had been both Fame and Life ;
 Had he preferr'd *Octavia's* Love before
 The false Endearments of the Royal Whore ;
 If *Cleopatra* he had never seen,
 Or seeing loath'd, how happy had he been ?
 But when his Reason to his Lust gave way,
 Mischiefs its Sable Pinions did display,
 And to sad Night revers'd Joys pleasing Day.
 Thus have you seen (nor can it be deny'd)
 All due to Lust, which you to Love apply'd.
 Mishap and Danger but to Lust appears ;
 A Virtuous Love nor Merits it, nor Fears.
 Then for the Qualities of Love which you
 (Bias'd by Hate) have drawn so far from true,
 I must describe, do injur'd Virtue right,
 And rescue Love from undermining Spight.
 Baffler of Youth, Love ill deserves that Name,
 Which learns Youth first to tread the Paths of Fame.
 Were't not for Love Sunk in inglorious ease,
 Youth's active Virtue wou'd ignobly freeze ;
 But Love is the true Primothean Fire,
 Which dullest Clay can with a Soul inspire,
 'Tis that which is Affections friendly Joyner,
 Virtues Assistant, and our Souls Refiner.
 Beauties Betrayer, Virtues Infamy,
 Riches Exhauster, Healths known Enemy.
 How much Blind Malice did thy Sense misguide,
 These Epithets were well to Lust apply'd ;
 Which in Hells most polluted Robe does move,
 But ill agrees with more exalted Love :
 The difference 'twixt Love and Lust's as great,
 As 'twixt a Feaver and a natural Heat ;
 Sences delight, one only does pursue,
 'Tother a nobler Object keeps in view ;
 Not to a pleasing Form alone confin'd,
 But to the Richer Glories of the Mind ;
 Beauty it Scorns, unless that Beauty be
 Adorn'd with Virtue, Sense and Modesty ;
 While in the fading Roses of a Cheek,
 Is center'd all that brutal Lust does seek.
 And for the Influence of Love, which you
 Have Blazon'd forth as hideous as new ;
 Resolv'd to slander, tho' at Virtues price ;
 Styling its Prop, The Nurse of bloated Vice ;
 A Crime which in a faithful Lover's Eye
 Is too Mountainous not to meet the Lie ;

Therefore prepare the real Influence
 Of Love to hear, not such as bias'd Sence
 Falsly conceits, but such as Planets join'd,
 Bestow upon it to oblige Mankind.
 Love makes the Miser flight his hoarded Gold,
 The Traitor faithful, and the Coward bold:
 Love makes the Soldier glorious, Toils pursue;
 And Love, or nothing, makes the Statesman true.
 Love makes the Tyrant cease to rage and frown,
 The Babblers silent, and genteel the Clown,
 The Lawyer just without the pow'r of Coin,
 The Dull Man witty, and the Wise divine:
 These are the First that fall within my thought,
 But Love has more surprizing Wonders wrought.
 Lastly, that Women the Materials want
 To form a Friend, is but a Modish Cant;
 Tho' Men unjustly challenge all that's rare,
 What can we boast in which they have no share?
 If Sense, to which we lay the boldest Claim,
 Be it, the Records of undoubted Fame
 Confutes that Plea: If Arms or Arts be it,
 It's vainly urg'd; they have both Fought and Writ:
 If Sacred Love, there can be no compare;
 The greatest Foes to the much injur'd Fair
 Allow 'em that, and as a weakness place
 Unshaken Faith, (such be my worst Disgrace:)
 If apt to Learning, Courage, Truth and Sense,
 What is't they want true Friendship to commence?
 From whence 'tis plain thy only Muse is Hate,
 Or a Litigious fondness of Debate;
 But let me tell you Friend, too far you wade,
 You might have bounded Malice, not display'd
 The Cobweb Flag of Sacrilegious Wit,
 'Gainst that which e'en indulgent Heav'n thinks fit.
 'Gainst Sacred Love how does thy Malice rore?
 And Wife more odious seems to you than Whore.
 Tho' Folly is unworthy a reply;
 Yet since we own the thing we don't deny,
 I'll answer thee; and first maintain a Wife
 To be no Burden, but the Joy of Life:
 In Sickness the Endearments of the Fair
 Inspire new Strength, and Nature's Wracks repair.
 In Want to have a Part'ner in our Grief
 Some Satisfaction yeilds, if not Relief:
 This at the worst: But Oh, the Raptures wrought
 By happy Love, do far Transcend my Thought!
 The bare Idea, tho' the rest's deny'd,
 Makes Godlike Raptures thro' my Bosom glide:
 But to my purpose, since you ask'd me what
 I meant by Marriage, or did level at?
 I'll freely tell you; 'twas a happy Life
 I sought to gain, the means I judg'd a Wife;

Which

Which you deny, saying, it dulls the Soul,
 And does each sprightly Faculty controul :
 'Tis true, in that it must Aggressor be,
 If 'tis a Crime to dull Impiety ;
 Yet no unsullied Rapture is declin'd,
 For what you call debasing of the Mind,
 Is but a Curb unruly Lust to break,
 Of which Pens Write, and Tongues with horror speak.
Tarquin the Haughty, Cruel and Unjust,
 Lost not his Crown by Tyranny, but Lust :
 Had *Paris* took some worthy *Trojan* Bride,
Troy still had stood, *Priam* in Peace had dy'd :
 But brutal Lust in Peasant or in King,
 Will sure Disaster and Confusion bring :
 Nought that is Moderate can Merit blame ;
 But best Excesses border still on Shame :
 So Love, if to one worthy Object bound,
 Wears Vertues Robes, but the polluted round
 Of Truant Fancy, and Unsettled Sense,
 Not only Tires, but does a Crime Commence :
 Thus Marriage is to Chastity ally'd,
 Ordain'd by God, by Reason justify'd.
 Had *Hymen* ne'er put on his Saffron Robe,
 What fatal Jarrs e'er this had shook the Globe ?
 If Fancy had not been by Law o'erfway'd,
 What Devastations had by Lust been made ?
 Commerce had been o'erthrown, Society
 A Name, the Earth uncultivated lye ;
 What less Disorder cou'd we hope, if he
 Whose Sword cut deepest wore Love's Livery ?
 Thus have I prov'd to each unbiass'd view,
 Marriage both Just, and Necessary too ;
 Next will I prove it fit to be desir'd
 For its own sake, and worthily admir'd.
 When all Fate order'd is by us perform'd,
 And Death our Citadel of Clay has storm'd ;
 By whose rude Hand uncloath'd, our Souls are flown
 To prove New Realms, and claim a promis'd Throne :
 When Mix'd with Dust we lye, then to Commence
 A second Life, can ne'er displease the Sence :
 Nay, some to fill the Rolls of Fame have thought
 So great a good, that they no other sought ;
 Some by their Learning seek to merit Praise,
 Some fonder yet, vain *Mausoleums* raise :
 Others by hurling Ruin thro' the Globe,
 Suppose their Scarlet Fames Immortal Robe ;
 But are mistaken ; Immortality,
 If Earth can boast, it does most surely lye
 In Virtue, and a Vertuous Progeny.
 E'en *Macedon*, and *Cesar's* Names survive
 By Charity, and thro' kind Authors live.

Had th' Prince of Poets ne'er been Born, what Tongue
 Had *Trojan* Fate and *Hector's* Actions Sung?
 But had they all a Vertuous Issue known,
 They'd been indebted to themselves alone:
 A Noble Race, and Generous Descent,
 Had been a Lasting, Deathless Monument.
 Therefore, my Friend, if my Advice may prove
 Worthy regard, abstain from lawless Love;
 If you desire your Actions shou'd appear
 The Theme of Fame to after Ages dear,
 Your vagrant Fires toward Sacred Marriage bend,
 And be for once advised by your Friend.

News from L O N D O N .

DEAR *Will*, thy last did earnestly enquire
 What News in Town? This answers thy desire:
 This City is a Shop of Novelty,
 Where nothing's Old but Sense and Honesty;
 New Wines from *Spain*, New Fools from *France* come o'er,
 New Thoughts of War, New Crowds of Foreign Poor;
 New Places to the least deserving fall;
 New Suits make Taylors work, and Lawyers Bawl;
 Weavers set up for Politicians; Dice
 Are grown as common as our Gentry Nice:
 Cast Captains Tutor'd by Necessity,
 Use Nature's Weapons now that Art's laid by;
 And by the dark Intrigues of Park and Pit,
 Breaks Heart and Fortune of Cornuted Cit:
 No friendly Laws check growing Usury,
 Yet for less Crimes Poor Rogues at *Tyburn* Die:
 The Gladiator's Gain, directed Rage,
 With Poet Bombast, vies to Plague the Stage.
 For other things, Faith *Will*, they're much the same
 You left 'em; Beggars still are Blind and Lame:
 Gay Baubles still delight the Giddy Crowd,
 The Poor are Envious, and the Rich still Proud:
 Maids dress for Husbands, Whores for Cullies Paint,
 And honest Presbyter still Apes the Saint:
 Envy feign'd Friendship, Pimps, and false Report,
 Are still Inhabitants of Town and Court;
 Bawds dress in Tissue, Quakers love the Vine,
 And Poets still Lament the want of Coin:
Crispine on *Monday* throws his Awl aside,
 And noisie Quacks thro' th' bubbld City ride:
 The Lawyers Clerks (when Drunk) do still pursue
 Their ancient Foes, the Night-commanding Crew
 Of drowsie Watchmen, to attain the Name
 Of honest Rake, (a Word of modern Fame.)

Women

Women run Mad, for Hemp and Water fight,
 As if but two Roads to the Realms of Night :
 But might my Pray'rs the yet untainted seize,
 The P--x shou'd not out-rival the Disease
 Of wishing Death ; 'twou'd ease my burning Hate,
 Pay an Old Debt, and purge the sick'ning State,
 O'ercharg'd with Women : This, dear *Will*, is all
 That does within my weak Remembrance fall
 Worthy Remark ; which with my hopes to see
 This Distance chang'd to wish'd Society,
 Is all at present from

Your Friend,

T. B.

News from the COUNTRY.

DEAR Rogue, thy Letter I with Joy receiv'd,
 Perus'd with Pleasure, and with Faith Believ'd,
 And mean return ; tho' from a Villager
 Small News can come to please your Nicer Ear :
 'Tis said, a Prophet from the Book of Fate,
 With Wondrous foresight did this Truth Translate :
 The Man that is of Friends and Money scant,
 'Tis Ten to One but he'll a Dinner want.
 Nay, deeper yet, this learned Wizzard writ,
 That Honesty, without the aid of Wit,
 Is little worth ; and Craft, if Credit fail,
 May Mine to Hell, but rarely will prevail ;
 So much for Prophets : 'Tis reported here,
 The Sun will set when Justice does appear ;
 And that the Ganger, Tallyman and Fry'r,
 Will stalk in Scarlet when *Old Nick* turns Dyer,
 That Reason is an Antidote 'gainst Pride ;
 That Wine and Friends can ne'er be prais'd till try'd ;
 That Whores like Wood-Men on best Timber pitch ;
 That Avarice is not unlike the Itch ;
 The more 'tis Scratch't the greater is the Sore ;
 That 'tis a Crime to be or Wise or Poor :
 That Men were blest, were Women as they ought ;
 That Caution may, Wisdom can ne'er be Bought :
 That gawdy Trappings win a Female Heart,
 And that Occasion pleads the best Desert :
 That *D---n* thinks to swell the House of Lords ;
 This *Frank*, is all the News our Town affords.

The

The Character of a PARASITE.

OF all the Monsters *Africa* can boast,
Or those dread *Hydra's* of the *Indian Coast*,
I challenge Nature, 'midst of all amiss,
To show a Monster half so Foul as this;
So much Detested by each knowing Eye,
So Prejudicial to Society.

A *Parasite*! The Name does Baseness own,
Averse to Good, design'd for Ill alone,
The Shade of Friend, in Mischievous Wife and Bold,
A deadly Poyson in a Cup of Gold.

His end (if he his sordid end obtain)

Is to deceive, and in deceiving gain:

His Face bespeaks Humility and Sence;

But Eyes know nothing but the present Tense:

His Faith (if e'er he kept such Company)

Must with his Patron's Sentiments comply;

A Courtier's Steward, Whore, nay, Lackey, he

Far more adores than Fame or Honesty:

Not any but the Dead he Discommends;

And Praises none but for themselves or Friends:

If there's a Wit of Note about the Town,

Him he'll Salute, tho' sure to meet a Frown;

And past, will Swear he long the Man has known.

Nay, even Vices yet unprov'd, unknown,

If Fashionable, he'll admire and own:

Goods 'bove his reach he views with envious Eyes;

Loves nothing truly Fortune seems to Prize;

His Means and Meaning still wear diff'rent Dress;

And by obeying, does his pow'r Express:

Rather than drone, if Sence the presence sway,

Not daring to advise, the Fool he'll play,

Like Poets, still complaining of the Fates,

And Small-beer more than a Detection Hates;

In words abusive, tho' declining fight;

This is the true-bred Monster Parasite.

Of DEATH.

TO cease to Be, to Die, can that appear
So horrid, as to justify our Fear?

If Death's a Good (as it must surely be)

Why do we fear it? If a Misery,

Fear but encreases; Terroures of the Grave,

Tho' truly vain, makes Man Opinion's Slave.

Tho'

Since Life with Fear yeilds no Tranquility,
 VVho scorns Disaster is both VVise and Free.
 Yet Men to Shield them from deserved Shame,
 Many Excuses for their Fears Proclaim;
 One thinks he has not number'd o'er his Years,
 Therefore at Death's approach concern'd appears.
 Fond Souls, to keep such Idle Dreams in view,
 And think nought good but what is lasting too;
 Since Life is Measur'd by the end, a Crowd
 Of circling Years makes Man nor ill nor good;
 'Tis not the length of Days, but Time well spent,
 Crowns Life with Fame, and Death with sweet Content.
 Others in Battel meeting honest Death,
 'Cause far from home, in Murmurs yeild their Breath;
 Which sure is Vain; shou'd Crowds of Kindred wait
 On our last Breath? 'Tis but to Die in State;
 They may condole, but not retard our Fate.
 But yet to leave their Friends they must deplore;
 Why? Where they go they're sure to meet with more;
 Nay, even those whose Loss does so dismay,
 Are sure to follow, they but lead the way;
 This Rub remov'd, they for their Children weep,
 Let loose to Fate: Is Providence asleep?
 If not, in vain their Sighs, in vain their Tears,
 Since God is Father both of them and theirs.
 Others Lament to be from Earth withdrew,
 And dread e'en Heav'n 'cause 'tis not in view;
 Strange to reflect on all that they can see,
 One single Year brings to Maturity:
 The present Day is like the past, one Light
 Commences Day, one Shade gives Name to Night:
 Age they have seen, and strong Virility;
 What scope then rests for Curiosity?
 Others the very Spectacle of Death,
 'Cause gashly, makes 'em loath to part with Breath;
 Mistaken Souls, they but Death's Vizzard see,
 What's underneath is all Felicity:
 Death to our Fears does all his Horror owe;
 Nor has no Sting but what ourselves bestow.
 Others by frightful Dreams dismay'd, Despair
 To prove new Realms, and go they know not where:
 Such is Man's Weakness, such our fix'd Disease,
 That things (tho' good) because unknown, displease.
 Yet if it were not thought an ill to Die,
 On each Disaster Men to Death wou'd fly:
 Did not our Fears reign daring Misery,
 Our Indiscretion wou'd our Ruin be:
 Therefore it does most truly brave Appear,
 Nor to wish Death, nor its approaches Fear.
 Were Death a thing uncertain, then it might
 Be fear'd; but certain, wherefore does it Fright?
 Ills in suspence have oft uncouth appear'd,
 But certain, shou'd expected be, not fear'd.

Life is unworthy of a brave Man's Trust,
 And Death, since fit, is consequently Just;
 Therefore 'tis weak with startled Eyes to view,
 A thing that's Just and Necessary too.

The Golden AGE.

IN that calm Age, for many Blessings stil'd,
 The Golden one, when Beasts were only wild,
 How happy did Man live? Unfollied Peace
 Lent Joys soft Wings to Time: The kind encrease
 Of Heav'n's Blessings render'd Want unknown,
 Envy unborn, and Discord's Seeds unsown;
 No Land-Marks then did Earth's Rich Surface Wound,
 What each cou'd Till was undisputed Ground;
 As much of Earth as could by one be Sown,
 Reap'd and Manur'd, was properly his own;
 The World was open, no Inclosures lay,
 To make the Traveller forsake his way;
 But all in common liv'd; if ought did prove
 Displeasing, 'twas but Saddle and Remove;
 No Man cou'd at his Neighbours Riches grutch,
 Since if he pleas'd he might enjoy as much;
 Sweet Innocence, and just Equality,
 Chain'd Envy up, and Crown'd Society.
 If ought was lent, no Obligation lay,
 No Bond nor Witness gag'd a payment Day;
 So just, and so unpractic'd to deceive,
 Were Men, they cou'd without an Oath believe;
 No Court Disputes did their calm Hours annoy:
 (Where Truth presides, there's little Room for Law.)
 No greedy Merchant for the Thirst of Gain,
 To distant Shores cut through the liquid Plain,
 No Sounds of War disturb'd the lab'ring Swain,
 No Court Cabals, no Frauds destructive prov'd,
 But Words and Meaning still together mov'd:
 No Thoughts of noisie Fame, no loose Desire,
 Did 'yond a happy Harvest Hope aspire:
 Thus did Men live, 'til fatal thine and mine,
 Usher'd in Ruin, Discord, and Design.

An Enquiry after Happiness.

TELL me some Friendly Brother o' the Sky,
 Since to our lower Orb it is unknown,
 What Climate boasts unsoil'd Felicity,
 Where is't Content's unspotted Seeds are sown?

Or

Or do our Fears (tho' seldom) once speak true?
 Is Peace with Justice to your Realms withdrew?
 It must be so, or Earth's more happy Sons
 Wou'd surely find it; yet we daily see
 Their vain pursuits, e'en them, like me, it shuns;
 And but by Name we know Felicity.
 This proves in whatsoever Breast 'tis sown,
 It finds at once a Being and a Throne.

Science affirms we all may happy be,
 And that each well-instructed Breast may boast,
 The true Materials of Tranquility,
 To have with Learning to itself engrost;
 But this each mean Experience denies,
 For who more wretched than the knowing Wife?

Or what more diff'rent than the Paths they take,
 This ever-fleeting Blessing to acquire?

To seize it, some thro' Virtues Fences Break;
 Others more Wise, Obsequiously admire;
 Yet all, when Death (the Friend of Truth) draws nigh,
 Confess on Earth dwells no Tranquility.

In Health wise *Pinder* judg'd Man's richest Prize
 Of Bliss to rest, a Body free from Pain;

With which the Soul does ever sympathize,
 He thought sufficient Happiness to Gain;
 Nor guesst he ill, for if of that bereft,
 Of Life's Enjoyments little gust is left.

Crates to Wealth Man's chiefest Good confin'd;
 On Golden Wings to soar above the Crowd

He thought a Blessing, by th' Eternal Mind
 Only to its most darling Sons allow'd;
 But shot awry, Virtue where-ever found,
 By God's impartial Hand will sure be Crown'd.

Unbounded Pow'r, the Government of States,
 The Learned, but Mistaken *Chilo*, thought

To be the Richest Jewel that the Fates
 Cou'd give, or by aspiring Man besought:
 But 'til the Wheel of Fortune learns to stand,
 There's little Peace, less Safety, in command.

Simonides in Popular Applause
 Thought all that Man cou'd wish was to found;
 When noisie Votes o'er-ru'd the Smother'd Laws,
 He judg'd Ambition most compleatly Crown'd:
 But whosoe'er does on such Wings rely,
 May learn in time, like *Icarus*, to fly.

Antisthines in Vertuous Fame did place
 His only Good, a Name above the Crowd
 He thought his ragged Fate did highly grace,
 And from Oblivion would his Mem'ry shrow'd;
 Nor judg'd he wrong; the Fame from Vertue bred,
 Is justly wish'd for, justly cherished.

An honest Off-spring *Sophocles* admir'd
 As Life's chief Good, that when in Earth's kind VVomb
 By nature laid, to meet what he desir'd
 In them, a living uncorrupted Tomb;
 For well he knew the Urns that Vertue rear,
 VVill the Egyptian Piramids outwear.

Sweet Eloquence admir'd *Palemon* Charm'd,
 (The happy Midwife of our Thoughts) by which
 VVe win belief, (tho' Hell against us arm'd).
 This Gift by him was stil'd most truly Rich;
 Nor is it less; they who its Laws deride,
 Blow Envy's Trumpet, if 'tis well apply'd.

Thus have I briefly touch'd on the belief
 Of each great Man: Now what from hence can we
 Collect towards burthen'd Nature's wish'd relief?
 Or on the which fix true Felicity?

'Twere hard to judge, did not Event express,
 They all fall short of real Happiness.

But if to Heavenly Raptures we aspire
 To the Bright Regions of eternal Day,
 We need not fear to miss what we desire,
 Since God Himself has mark'd us out the way:
 Then towards thy God my Soul thy Eyes advance,
 Since Earthly Blessings are not worth a glance.

The Poet's Litany.

FROM a Lawyer's God save you, and Tallyman's Bow;
 A Bully's loud Oaths, and an Alehouseman's Now;
 From a Justice of Peace, judge of Wrong and of Right;
 From a Sergeant by Day, and a Lord in the Night;
Libera nos Domine.

From a *Drury-Lane* Whore, and the Buz o'the Pit;
 From a Breakfast at Two, and a Bawd in a Fit;
 From a Citizen's Wife, when the Cash is so Sunk,
 That she Runs to a Broker's, instead of her Trunk;
Lib. &c.

From the Sight of a Friend when my Rigging is Bare;
 And from the mad Gambols of Alderman's Heir;
 From the Praise of a Play'r, and Clark's Conversation;
 From a Nag in my Purse, (the Itch of the Nation);
Lib. &c.

From the Pride of the Clergy, and Conscience of Gauger;
 From third Nights Defeat, and a *New-Market* Wager;
 From a, Sir, I'll not tarry, when Money is wanting;
 From a Puritan's Eye, and a Pickpocket's Canting;
Lib. &c.

From the Tricks of a Page, and a Fisherman's Lie;
 From a Babe in a Basket, and Fate of a Spy;

From

From the noise of the City, and Jacobite Hope ;
 From a Sanctify'd Knife, and Oppression of Pope ;
Lib. &c.

From the News of a Barber, and Promise of Noble ;
 From a Chamber in *Bedlam*, and Hands of the Moble ;
 From the Shop of a Scriv'ner, and Faith of a Taylor ;
 From Blotting of Paper, and Life of a Saylor ;
Lib. &c.

Of Predestination.

CEASE sinful Soul, learn Rebel to be Mute ;
 With thy Creator dare not to Dispute ;
 Ask not the reason why some destin'd are
 To Bliss Eternal, some to Endless Care ?
 But let thy bold Enquiries bounded be
 By this, 'Tis God's immutable Decree.
 In chusing any, Clemency is shown,
 And in rejecting, he does injure none.
 What Man so vain to bound a Deity ?
 Or make his Pow'r less than his Mercy free ?
 Our vain Repinings but ourselves abuse :
 What God has made he may at Pleasure use.
 Tho' the Eternal Mind does some affect,
 Some leave to Sin, some from its Stains protect ;
 The cause of which, tho' hid from tainted Dust,
 Whate'er it be, it can be nought but Just.
 Yet sinful Men, to make Hell's Tenets shine,
 Would charge Damnation on Decrees Divine.
 Amazing boldness ! Yet we daily find
 Men steel'd in Sin, to all that's Ill inclin'd ;
 To shift the Horrors of their desp'rate State,
 Charge all their Crimes on the Decree of Fate ;
 Urging their Sins cou'd not avoided be,
 In that they sinn'd by strong Necessity.
 Unthinking Fools ! that surely were to make
 The God of Goodness Mortal Crimes partake ;
 Which cannot be, Oh ! no Iniquity
 Can ne'er be center'd in the Deity.
 'Tis true, Man can no sinful act pursue
 Without God's Knowledge, and Permission too.
 By him we live ; but that his Pow'r should frame
 Our Hearts to Sin, is what I scarce dare Name :
 No, in offending, led by Reason's Laws,
 We find one Action but a double cause ;
 Man's vagrant Wishes, black Concupiscence,
 The first and instrumental Cause commence.
 Next God apart, yet Pow'r of Motion gives,
 In that by him each erring Mortal lives ;
 Yet that the Crime shou'd be on Heav'n thrown,
 Is most absurd, unless its Mercy's one.

F

But

But Oh how thin would Earth be, if each time
 God saw, his Vengeance shou'd pursue the Crime?
 I mean immediate, for tho' Mercy stay,
 And make Eternal Vengeance somewhat stray,
 Yet 'tis too sure, and ne'er can lose its way.
 When a Musician strikes an Instrument,
 If broke, discordant Harmony finds vent;
 He's the sound's cause, but that the sound was ill;
 What's broke must answer, not his want of Skill;
 So 'tis with Men when broke by Sin, in vain
 Conscience attempts to form a pleasing strain;
 For which we must not Blame its Sacred Art,
 But strong resistance of an harden'd Heart.
 Then let not sinful Man impute Offence
 To God, the Abstract of all Excellence;
 Nor yet attempt with Sin o'erclouded Eyes,
 To pry into the Counsels of the Skies;
 But let this caution be Remember'd well,
 Sathan was free to Stand, but yet he Fell:
 Nor are we less; alike good Acts and Ill
 Are both the products of unbounded Will;
 Which being true, whatever Fate attend
 Our good or ill, does on ourselves depend.
 Therefore
 Let not Predestination harra's Wit,
 God ne'er will Damn whom Virtue does Acquit.

The Joys of H E A V E N.

Attend my Call, Celestial Nine inspire;
 My doubting Genius with your purest Fire;
 Aid me to Sing what Joys blest Spirits prove,
 What Raptures wait untainted Souls above:
 But O! in Vain I do your Aid implore;
 The Theme's too vast, my Thoughts too low and poor
 For such a Subject. To begin, wou'd need
 A Heav'nly Prompter; and begun, proceed;
 For Heavenly Raptures are reveal'd to none,
 But those that Sing before the Heavenly Throne.
 None can the Glories of the Sky declare,
 But those that in its God-like Transports share:
 Then stop my Muse, dare only to express
 What is not there; at what there is, but guess:
 Heaven by our Praise can no addition Win,
 And Praise imperfect may Create a Sin.
 In the bright Regions of Eternal Day,
 Pale Grief did ne'er its Sable Wings display:
 No Discontent, no Sadness, no Despair,
 Nought that's afflictive Breathes so pure an Air:

The

The Sable Robe ne'er trail'd along the Sky ;
 Death's Arm wants force to hurl a Shaft so high :
 No Pain, no Sickness, nought that gauls below
 Is found above ; Griefs heavy Streams ne'er flow
 Above the Earth ; Pale Envy, Fury, Hate,
 Are no Attendants on the Heav'nly State ;
 No Dross-brib'd Patrons of oppressive Wrong ;
 No Sycophants its Presence-Chamber throng :
 No faithless Stewards there false Leigers keep ;
 No Orphans starve, no Helpless Widows weep :
 There no base Friend deceives a generous Trust ;
 No ragged Virtue gives guilt Vice disgust :
 No Virgins there for ravish'd Honour pine ;
 No Suits of Law disturb the Peace Divine :
 No Sounds of War unarmed Virtue fright ;
 No Murderers abuse the Robes of Night :
 No Bullies there Celestial Wrath defy ;
 The Vine has no Adorers in the Sky :
 No Gluttons there Lucullian Banquets keep ;
 No Thief unchains the balmy Eye of Sleep :
 No Pride invades the Borders of the Sky ;
 No Gold can make its Justice step awry :
 Nor in a word, does ought unpleasant prove,
 But all is Harmony, all Joy, all Love.

The Character of a Wise Man.

A Wise Man is the thing he seems to be ;
 The Pride of Nature and Society.
 All the Vicissitudes that Fate e'er drew,
 Howe'er surprising, are to him not new,
 Having in Thought each Chance already seen,
 That can to aid or hinder intervene.
 Occasion is the Card by which he steers,
 Nor slave to Hope, nor yet to anxious Fears.
 Ill Actions he detests, but Glory loves ;
 Not for Affection, but by it he moves.
 With the same Face he Governs and Obeys,
 And nought beyond Ability Effays.
 Fortune he Baffles, and Contemns her Throne,
 And is himself Disposer of his own.
 When Thunder Roars, not seeking for defence,
 He calmly sleeps secure in Innocence.
 Gawdy Apparel is below his Care ;
 Truth is the Robe he most delights to wear ;
 His Mind eternally serene and clear.
 All Faults, but of his Friends, in silence die
 Not worth remark, but those still meet his Eye.

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A Dia-

A Dialogue betwixt Reason and Passion.

Pas. Since spoil'd of all I e'er accounted dear,
 All that was worthy either hope or fear;
 All that e'er learnt my erring Soul to tread
 The paths of Virtue; since my All is fled;
 All that cou'd smooth Life's Care-contracted Thread;
 Tell me ye Pow'rs for what enormous Crime
 Am I condemn'd to be the Slave to Time:
 Since Curs'd by you, why do your Laws decree
 It Sin to lanch into Eternity?

Whate'er's uneasy Reason does allow
 To cast it off, and done, the Deed avow:
 Which being granted, and since Life is so,
 Why may I not the Burden from me throw?
 Why not unthreaten'd, lay aside the Chain,
 The Means, if not the Cause of all my Pain?
 Or does your sportive Vengeance think it fit,
 That what we wish, you ought not to permit?

Reas. Cease sinful Wretch thus to expostulate
 With thy Creator, and accuse thy Fate:
 If that thy Loss be great, look Home, and see
 How stands the Record of Iniquity.

If that Swells high, if Errors overflow,
 No Wonder that thy Sufferings does so.
 But waving this, what Blessing have you lost?

Pas. Why, such a one as Earth no more can boast.

Reas. More vain your Grief, in that you thus deplore
 A certain Loss, since of the kind no more.
 Ills but in prospect to Lament is vain,
 But past, once broken from the fatal Chain,
 To Murmur at, or fruitlessly to seek,
 In Grief a Remedy, is yet more weak.

Pas. And yet to have no Sence of Misery,
 Looks not like Courage, but Stupidity.
 To grieve when Nature's overcharg'd with Wo,
 No more's a Crime than for the Wind to Blow,
 Or for a Vessel full, to overflow.
 And if my Grief shou'd seize on Reason's Seat,
 Shake Sense's Throne, still were my Loss more great.

Rea. Is it a Parent you Lament?

Pas. Oh! no.

Rea. A Brother? Child?

Pas. Such common Tides of Wo
 Cou'd ne'er unhinge my Temper: Curs'd alone,
 I've lost each Blessing that you nam'd in one;
 The Aid of Father, Tenderness of Mother,
 Love of a Child, and Friendship of a Brother.
 I in a Friend have lost a Friend, whose Care
 To prop my Fate, well Merits this Despair.

Yet

Yet witness Heaven; tho' with him is Flown
 My chief Support, 'tis for the Man alone
 I thus Lament; tho' ready to Relieve
 My craving Wants, 'tis him, not his, I Grieve.
Rea. Spoke like a Friend; nor can I deem your Wo
 In ought unjust, while it a Bound does know;
 But if you curb not Grief, 'twill surely Climb
 From Step to Step, 'till it commence a Crime.

Consider that the Life of Man
 At full extent is but a Span;
 Time treads our Vital round in haste,
 Like Lightning scarcely seen e're past.
 Consider tho' the Bonds of Love
 Seem to command unbounded Care;
 You had no Promise from above
 How long you shoud the Blessing share.
 Consider tho' soft Friendship Cry
 The putrid Grave
 By Fates decree,
 Enjoy the Brave,
 More Rich than me;
 Whatever Lives will surely Die.
 Think likewise since on Virtues Wings
 Your Noble Friend did soar,
 He's tasting now Joys deathless Springs;
 Think this, and grieve no more.

Paſ. To Counſels eaſie common Wits can Frame
 Inſtructive Rules, and play with Reaſon's Name;
 But Oh to follow---there's the wond'rous Art;
 The Tongue has ſwifter Motions than the Heart.
 Yet ſince thy words do Wear
 The Robes of Sence,
 I will from hence
 Blaſpheming Grief forbear.

Of GLUTTONY.

THIS beaſtly Vice deteſted by each Heart
 Where Virtue dwells, gave Death his eldeſt Dart.
 'Twas a voracious Luſt miſlead the Mind
 Of Eve to Eat, which eating, loſt Mankind;
 Nor has this Vice loſt ought of ancient Hate,
 Conſuming Body, Spirit and Eſtate.
 From this Rank Fountain flows Debauchery,
 Dulneſs of Mind, Sloth, Prodigality,

G

Want

Want and Diseases, by which Friendly aids,
 Death Nature's Fort successfully invades;
 And e're that Age makes Natural the Blow,
 Life's Vice-beat Fortrefs does with ease o'erthrow;
 This is the spreading Pestilence that fills
 With such vast Sums our Weak and Monthly Bills.
 Excess of Meat (tho' Moderately good,)
 To each Disease affords the Rankest Food.
 What shame is this? how far below a Beast?
 To Pamper that which one Day Worms must Feast?
 Nature asks little, true Necessity
 From Complement and Niceness both is free:
 If Hunger's eas'd, Nature will ne'er dispute
 What Viands made the craving Stomach mute;
 Nor matters it: The Fleeting Relish lost,
 The mean and precious but one Value boast.
 Brown Bread or white, Wine cool'd with Alpine Snow,
 Or Waters which from healthy Fountains flow,
 Are all alike to Nature, Sense alone
 Makes the distinction Nature knows of none.
 Yet tho' our Wants wear such a narrow Robe,
 Our Lusts wear larger; for the spacious Globe
 Two narrow seems. From Land to Sea we haste,
 From Sea to Air, to please luxuriant Taste;
 Thus while the Elements their Tributes send,
 We on the Belly more than Soul attend.

The Poor Man's Comfort.

TELL me, Luxuriant Mortals, you whose Eyes
 Look only upward, all below despise;
 Bating your Wealth (the brave Man's slighted guest)
 What can you boast more than the most Opprest?
 Your Dross apart (which makes Presumption swell)
 In what do you the meanest he excel?
 Did the Creating Mind bestow more thought
 In forming you? Or do you think you're wrought
 Of Matter more refin'd than are the Poor?
 If so; think twice, and cheat yourselves no more.
 Is there a Sinew, Artery, or Bone,
 That is peculiar to the Rich alone?
 Can there be nam'd a single Excellence
 That is not common? Courage, Strength and Sense
 Are Goods that for best Gratitude do call,
 Yet not confined, but diffus'd thro' all;
 Nay, and if Virtue in a homely Weed
 Were not Despis'd, the Poor might best succeed.

Or

Or do the Rich suppose their Gold can Buy,
 (As here on Earth) Possessions in the Sky ?
 Or that their Titles will Sufficient prove,
 (Tho' Stain'd with Vice) to cause Respect above ?
 If so, 'tis Vain ; God being surely free
 From Mortal Passions, acts impartially :
 Nay, e'en his Word, that we might not Mistrust,
 Says Heav'n, is only destin'd for the Just ;
 Where Virtue does not the distinction frame,
 The King and Beggar are to him the same ;
 Which being true by the Divine Decree,
 The Joys of Heav'n to the Poor are free ;
 Tho' scorn'd on Earth (if Sacred Virtue prove
 To gild their Lives) they are carrels'd above ;
 Freed from Luxuriant Malice and Despight,
 Their Rags are changed to Robes refulgent Bright ;
 Then cease presumptuous Wretches to despise
 Your needy Brothers ; cease with scornful Eyes
 To view the Poor ; lest when disrob'd of Clay,
 Your Sin-soil'd Souls appear more loath'd than they.

The Character of a Lady's Lap-Dog.

IF you would have a Spark the Fair to please,
 'Tis one that's wholly dedicate to Ease ;
 One that becomes his gaudy Trappings well,
 And in the Art of Dressing does excel ;
 Who knows to Patch, and where in all the Face,
 Pride's Seal will yeild the most becoming Grace ;
 Whose Tongue on Wheels of Eloquence does move,
 Long-studied Phrases, Metaphors above
 Each common Thought ; nay, what themselves can't well
 Explain, if urg'd ; but that were to rebel :
 To doubt the meaning of such Standard Sence,
 Were Civil War with Reason to Commence.
 One that has been in *Italy* or *France*,
 Sings with Discretion, neatly treads a Dance ;
 Walks Alamode, inur'd to Scrue and Swing,
 One that loves Fighting as he loves his King ;
 One that knows well to toss the scented Box,
 And bear with patience either Wind or P----
 Smiles with a Grace, Bows with an Air uncommon,
 This is the Man that Charms our modern Woman.

*A Dialogue betwixt Alexander and
Diogenes.*

Alex. TELL me, *Diogenes*, why dost despise
A Monarch's proffer? Wert thou truly Wise,
The good I offer would acceptance meet.
I'll change thy Poverty to Wealth.

Dio. Retreat.

If Wealth is all a Monarch can bestow,
Kings are the great Distributers of Wo.
How many Cares, how many Vices wait,
(Unknown to want) on Man's exalted State?
The humble Fate is still serene and clear;
Who most possess have ever most to fear.
Envy by Day, the busie Thief by Night,
Lends stings to Thought, and poysons their Delight;
While Want unenvied does securely live,
Nothing to boast, nor loss of ought to grieve;
Our Slumbers sweet, our Steps undogg'd we take,
And if care's'd, 'tis for our Virtues sake;
Not hope of Gain, while the commanding few,
If truly lov'd, can scarce believe it true.

Alex. I'll make thee Famous.

Dio. That you ne'er can do,
Unless you've Pow'r to make me Virtuous too;
Believe me, Prince, true Honour does not rest
In being near a Monarch's Throne or Brest,
But in good Actions; those are they that swell
The Rolls of Fame, and make a Man excel.

Alex. What wouldst thou have?

Dio. What's rarely found in Court,
Unfollied Peace, and Virtuous Report;
Which even thou midst of thy Triumphs ne'er
Truly possess'd, deny it if you dare.
Can you deny the more your Sword acquires,
The more insatiate still are your Desires?
One Kingdom to another points the way,
Which thirst of Earth, Earth only can allay.
Or can the Conquerer of the World deny,
That in his over-avaricious Eye,
His vast Possessions seem a narrow Seat?
The small of others seem immensely great;
And you must own, tho' now possess'd of more
Than Birthright gave, you enjoy less than before;
Much Asks, much Care; Small Fortunes are possess'd
With far less Thought, and yeild more Hours of Rest.
Nor is a Monarch's Happiness so vast
As People fancy, but with Clouds o'ercaft

E'en their Delights, ta'en from Opinions Glass,
 The Pleasures of the private Man surpass;
 First, 'cause they are the Butt of Censure made,
 (What's done aloft but rarely meets a Shade.)
 And next, because their Grandeur make 'em free
 To all they wish, which loath'd facility
 Palls their Delights; a little Toil and Pain,
 When once surmounted, renders sweet the Gain.

Alex. Too true, thou'st said thy Wisdom I admire;
 And if not, *Alexander* wou'd desire
 To be *Diogenes*, whose Poverty
 Is more desirable than Majesty.

Of a Countrey Life.

HOW happy is the Peasant's Life?
 How free from anxious Care?
 Not knowing Grandeur, knows no Strife;
 Storms breed in upper Air.
 Ambition does not break their Sleep,
 Nor Envy make 'em pine;
 Contented if their own they keep,
 And further Hopes as vain decline.
 Their Wishes fashion'd to their State,
 In Peace's Channel flow;
 Not swelling, as 'tis with the great,
 To work their Owner's Wo.
 When Trumpets sound they Cend an Ear;
 Fame's Musick horrid call;
 Yet tho' surpriz'd, they know no fear,
 So near the Earth they dread no fall.
 Proud Buildings are to them unknown;
 An humble Cottage shields
 More surely than a Monarch's Crown;
 From whatso'er displeasure yeilds.
 Glory the Darling of the Court,
 Coy Mistress of Aspiring Youth,
 Is there confin'd to Rural Sport,
 Or center'd in a rugged Truth.
 The Miser's God, lock-breaking Gold;
 Does not a Rural Mind bewitch;
 Capacious Barns their Treasures hold,
 And just Men are with them the Rich:
 Wild Lust that ever lov'd a shade,
 Does from their happy Shades withdraw;
 Not daring Bosoms to invade,
 Where Reason gives to Passion Law.

Deceit, tho' stil'd by some an Art,
 They reckon does the Man deface;
 Nor own a Medium in Desert;
 Who is not just, is surely base.

Impiety they do detest,
 As Suiters do delay;
 Fearing to Harbour such a guest,
 For as they work they pray.

E'en in their Pastimes innocent,
 The Fishing-Rod and Gun,
 Worse Exercises do prevent,
 And Hours with pleasure Crown.

Then grant me Heav'n such a Life,
 So innocently Free;
 From all the various Seeds of Strife,
 That soil Society.

I ask not Pow'r, Wealth or Fame,
 Enough to say I am not Poor;
 Enough to shield my Days from Shame,
 Is all I ask, all I implore.

An humble Cottage to command,
 A wholesome Fountain by;
 A useful Thicket near at Hand,
 My hopes no higher fly.

Where with a Study and a Friend,
 The richest Jem of Life,
 I cou'd my Days begin and end,
 No matter for a Wife.

The Character of Revenge.

Revenge, like Justice, does a Weapon sway,
 But wants the Scale which shou'd each Action weigh.
 Justice and Reason Hand in Hand appear;
 Revenge Herds only with wild Rage or Fear:
 The Wounds of Justice Law does justifie,
 Revenge strikes thro' both Law and Equity.
 This is the difference; and surely they
 That seek Revenge, small Prudence do display;
 For in Revenge we can but even be,
 But Mercy gives us the Supremacy.
 Wrongs to revenge, Guilt's Purple Robe does wear;
 Slighting Abuse, makes Innocence appear.

To

To thirst for Blood is Brutal ; to forgive
 Is like a Christian, and a Prince to live.
 Thoughts of Revenge does but enlarge the Sore,
 Keeps green the Wound, which else might meet a Cure.
 Therefore since Actions past are past recal,
 Our Thoughts should on our present Bus'ness fall :
 Not with our Foes our own O'erthrow pursue,
 But leave Revenge to whom Revenge is due.

The Vicissitude of Things.

TH E Wise have said nought's new on Earth,
 Experience speaks the same ;
 One's Exit signs another Birth,
 And all the Truth proclaim.
 The Summer to the Spring succeeds,
 Plump Autumn claims his place ;
 And Winter crown'd with wither'd Reeds,
 Helps to compleat the Race.
 Swift Minutes to the Hour post,
 The Hours form the Day ;
 Days swell the Month, the Months are lost
 In Years which glide away.
 Strong Youth leads on to feeble Age,
 Age to the Grave descends ;
 And to new Races leaves Life's Stage,
 Which likewise have their ends.
 Some Arts are lost, while others rise ;
 Learning is but a shade ;
 Books which our Father most did prize,
 Are now Waste-Paper made.
 Our Native Tongue has born its part,
 Now polite, once most rude ;
 Nor are our Laws shield by Desert,
 From sure Vicissitude.
 The Sons of Mars new Laws have made ;
 War bears no Antique Face ;
 Nay, Arms to guard, or to invade,
 Are all of Modern Race.
 Opinions change, from Truth Divine
 Many false Tenets flow ;
 Vice-shaken Realms their Heads incline,
 And court their Overthrow.

Then wonder not, Mistaken Fair,
 If Love to Scorn convert ;
 Who bids me Languish and Despair,
 I think unworthy of my Heart.
 But Passion rul'd your Sense you say,
 When you that Sentence gave ;
 But Reason beckon'd me away,
 And bid me Scorn with Scorn out-brave.

Vanity Display'd : Or, The Beaux Anatomis'd.

SINCE 'tis of Modern Vanity I write,
 No Muse I'll summons to my Aid, but Spight :
 A just Resentment shall their Crimes relate,
 And scourge proud Folly to Shame's sullied Gate ;
 And first from whence their darling Name did rise,
 Their painted outside I'll Anotamize ;
 And with the Head begin, on which is worn
 Hair, which does rather bury than adorn.
 And what yet more preposterous does look,
 The Hat (whose brim they from the *Spaniard* took)
 Which surely ought to be equivalent
 To the vast Peruke ; yet as if they'd spent
 Too much in Wigg, and being griev'd at that,
 They were resolv'd to make it up in Hat ;
 The Brim is narrow, and that so cockt up,
 It looks not like a Hat, but angl'd Cup :
 Yet these are worn, and thought well to agree,
 (By Beaux no doubt) for Faith it seems to me,
 Like a Crow's Nest built on a well-spread Tree.
 So much for Hats ; now let's the Hat-Bands see,
 Not worn of late as they were wont to bee ;
 But wreath'd round Hat with a new started Air,
 Like Buskin round the Leg of huffing Play'r.
 The Ancient Hero, if an Olive Bough,
 For God-like Labours grac'd his worthy Brow,
 Was highly pleas'd ; But our aspiring Crew,
 To whom than Merit nothing is more new.
 Who ne'er knew Action that might claim a Place
 In Virtues Temple ; a degenerate Race ;
 With wreaths of Gold their worthless Temples brace.
 Nor is this all the waste, the very Brim
 Is not exempted from its golden Trim :
 How this vain Fashion did at first creep in
 I know not, nor its Author, unless Sin ;
 And yet I think we may securely guess,
 The certain reason why our Beaux so press

Their

Their Hats with Gold ; it must be 'cause they fear
 (As once a Grecian Poet) to appear
 Abroad by reason of their levity,
 Unless some Burden first pronounce 'em free
 From northern Blasts, some large and friendly weight
 Promise to bayl them from the Feathers fate.
 The difference 'twixt the Poet and our Beaux,
 Is this, (if I ought of the matter know)
 The honest Greek is register'd a Wit,
 And therefore only did his Burden fit
 To Heel: Our Beaux, who other Measures tread,
 Have the most need of Ballast in the Head.
 Then for their Neck-Cloths some as nicely roul'd,
 As Misers do their Purse-strings, having told
 The smiling Angels ; some in Breast tuckt in,
 Cros'd and puff'd up as if to prop the Chin :
 Some down the Breast in ample pleats are laid,
 Then button'd up some to the Wind displayed ;
 Some tossed o'er Shoulder, some to Codpiece bow,
 And some are hung nor I nor they know how :
 Which Apish Custom, granting it were free,
 (As it is not) from rankest Vanity,
 Still there is ground, still just cause to complain,
 As that much Coin and Linnen's spent in vain ;
 For that which in a Week is wasted here,
 Might serve a thrifty Nation half a Year.
 Nor are their Shirts from the infection free ?
 They too must have their share of Vanity ;
 'Tis not enough to purchase Lawn as fine
 As Hand can touch or swiftest Wheel can twine ;
 But as if Linnen, were alone too Base,
 The Bosom must be ruffl'd with a Lace,
 Which jutting from the Breast waves like a Sail,
 A Train-Band Feather, or a Shock-Dog's Tail ;
 Yet there are some so harden'd in their pride,
 That rather than they'd deign to lay aside
 This Female Bauble, will their Bosoms bare
 To Autumn Show'rs, and cold December's Air ;
 Making thereby the Proverb prove not vain,
 Which says, Pride feels, but ne'er will own a Pain.
 And next their Coats ; which boast more Orris Laces,
 Then Play-House Punks wear Patches on their Faces.
 Gold jostles Gold, and thicker seems to fall,
 Then vieing Cobwebs on the unswept Wall
 Of Country Church, or City Miser's Hall. }
 Then for the Fashion which from *France* was brought,
 Ridiculous, beyond the reach of Thought ;
 The Body's strait, but grac'd with such a leeve,
 As might a Dwarf into its Womb receive ;
 In which the Arm no better Figure makes,
 Than Clapper does in Bell, or Whore in Jakes ;

Tis lost in width, like single Coal in Barge,
 Or Farding Candle in a Sconce that's large:
 And yet 'tis not enough to wear 'em thus
 Large to a proverb, fond ridiculous,
 But that these monstrous Sleeves must hang as low
 As Ruffles formerly were wont to do;
 So buried is the Arm that none can see
 The Hand, unless it first extended be;
 Which as they walk at e'ery step does swag;
 Like bundl'd Writings in a Lawyer's Bag.
 Next to the Sword for tho' the Mungrels dare
 Not use a Sword, yet mighty ones they wear,
 For the same cause that some unseason'd Bullies
 Do Whiskers wear, to fright the rawer Cullies:
 But yet our Beaux, to challenge a pretence
 For being Cowards, have with wondrous Sence
 Pitch'd on this Trick: The Sword which ought to stand
 (And as most do) within the reach of Hand,
 Our crafty Beaux, as we may daily see,
 Lets his tame Rapier dangle at his Knee;
 That if abus'd he may the Shame evade,
 saying, he had not time to draw his Blade.
 But to proceed; the Sword thus worn by Beaux,
 As I have said, ridiculously low,
 Under the Coat, when walking doth so sway,
 As Fish above and under Water play.
 Nor is the posture all that's odd; the Sword
 Another cause for laughter does afford;
 The Mounting, tho' of finest Silver wrought,
 By Squeamish Beaux Nice Fancy is not thought
 Compleatly Rich, nor Gallant to his Mind,
 Unless it be with gawdy Ribbands twin'd;
 Which on the Bow in order being fil'd,
 Resembles much the Hobby-Horse of Child;
 And as the haughty Thing stalks big with Pride,
 Dangles like Porters Cordage by its side.
 The next Absurdity that meets my views
 Is Muffs; sure such as Russia never knew;
 At least for length and magnitude; each one
 Well nigh as large as th' common Rowling-Stone;
 And yet these Loads of Furr, tho' they're alone
 Enough the name of Monsterous to own,
 Yet does it not their want of Wit express,
 So much as a Luxuriant Excess;
 But 'tis the manner of the wearing shows
 Their Vanity, and does the Fool disclose.
 Muffs, which in their Original were meant
 For Wholesome Use, not Apish Ornament,
 Are in our Age, by a perverted Rule,
 Only design'd to grace the Knee of Fool;
 If that may properly be stil'd a Grace,
 VVhich in adorning does the Man deface:

But since our Beaux have nam'd it good, it must, ^{it must} ^{well}
 Howe'er ridiculous, be wise and just; ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 Nay more, it must be a most pleasing sight, ^{to} ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 (Since horrid Objects often yeild delight) ^{to} ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 To see a Muff, which on the Hand should be, ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 (O monstrous Nice) hang dangling at the Knee ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 Like Angler's Pouch, o'ercharg'd with Bili and Bait ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 (Rare piece of Pride) it beats the Air, in state: ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 Nor is their Rigging all that's worthy blame, ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 Their very Speech, (intollerable shame) ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 Nicely adjusted, bound to Rules of Art, ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 Must compleat the Monster bears a part; ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 For honest Nature is not worth a F---t, ^{and} ^{not} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{eye} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
 (Take their own Phrase) unless improv'd, they cry,
 VVhere with their leaves I humbly think they Lie:
 For what's more Noble than our Thoughts to vent
 In words familiar, and without constraint?
 To cull Expressions, or declare a Skill
 Of chusing words, in Company looks ill;
 For common Conversation ought to be
 As much from Niceness as Debauch'ry free;
 Affected Strains corrupt Sociey.
 Not that I'd have a Man of generous Blood
 In ought resemble the polluted Crowd,
 But know himself; not sullenly affect
 A *Huckle-hole* or *Grub-Street* Dialect:
 Such an Extream were thoughtlessly to run
 Into an Error great as that we shun.
 No, there's a mean on solid Reason hing'd,
 A Center Law, the which if not infring'd,
 Renders a Man capacited to speak,
 In words adapt, nor rough, nor yet too weak;
 Which sure is best, does it not bear the face,
 Of pamp'rd folly, and a mind that's base;
 For any English Man to Shoulder in,
 In common Talk, Words to the Turk akin;
 Some nic'd from *Spain*, and some from *France* are stole;
 And some must cross the Alps to mark a Fool;
 What can be more ridiculous, than this?
 Yet with Town-Foplings what more common is?
Brittain is thought no Native Grace to share,
 All that becomes or boasts the Name of Rare,
 Is not our own, but borrow'd Fore in Ware;
 Which if well us'd, with true Discretion worn,
 I'll not deny but that it might adorn;
 But when discording Languages are mixt,
 And Customs blindly blended too, betwixt
 The which there rages an Eternal War,
 Nor can a peace be hop'd to smoothe the Scar,
 While by those Customs Realms distinguish'd are:
 What's more absurd? Or what can we expect
 To have at last, if fondly we affect
 This Madness, but a huddl'd Dialect?

If we continue obstinately vain,
 And not this spreading Pestilence restrain,
 Curs'd by ourselves by Time's engrafting Law,
 Proud *Babel's* Fate upon ourselves we draw.
 When all prove Linguists, Language can't be good,
 Nor what all tamper with, well understood;
 Language, like Gold, if not refin'd with Care,
 Is lost in Fume, evaporates to Air.
 Thus Beaux not only shame the British Race,
 (Fam'd for more manly Arts) but wou'd debase
 Their Native Tongue, (by grave Men justly pris'd)
 And make it, like themselves, in time despis'd.

FINIS



